"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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OUR MANY-SIDED NATURE.

"IF I could only have a few flowers in the window, and a new carpet for the best room floor," sighed Laura Dymond, a soft-voiced, fragile looking little creature, with big troubled eyes, like a fawn, and long lashes that almost touched her cheek when she looked downward; there was something about the delicate woman that reminded one of a hot-house blossom. She should have been tenderly nurtured, and sheltered as it were from the rude winds of heaven; but we do not all settle in our proper niches in this world. In the next, Heaven grant that it may be different with some of us.

"Flowers!" echoed Hugh Dymond, contemptuously. "And a new carpet! Fiddle-de-de! Lolly, what can you possibly be thinking of, when we need a wing to the barn and a new yoke of steers so much? But women are always going off on a tangent after the ornamental!"

Mrs. Dymond looked round the bare-walled room, with its floor covered with worn old carpet, its stiff-backed chairs and its pine table, and sighed. Mr. Dymond went on with his occupation—that of making a wooden pin for the yard-door gate.

"Well," he said, nonchalantly, "what are you groaning about?"

"I wasn't groaning; only, Hugh——"

"Well."

"I should so like to have some few pretty things about me."

"Fudge!" grumbled the husband. "As if this was a world of outside show!"

"Oh, I don't mean that; but after all, you know, we none of us have but a few years to live, and——"

"Now, come, come!" interrupted the husband, "don't let's have any of this nonsense!"

"I don't think you quite understand me, Hugh, dear. What I mean is——"

"Yes, I do too; what you mean is, that you'd like to sit, with your hands folded, a bouquet opposite, and a fine velvet carpet under your feet. Pity you hadn't married a rich man."

Little Laura Dymond winced slightly; but she was used to these sharp words and stinging retorts on her husband's part.

It was the diamond mated with the rough flint—the slender stemmed anemone springing up beneath the shadow of the rude common thistle.

She told herself many times a day that she did not mind Hugh's way—she was used to it; but the falsehood was fresh every time; she did mind his rough way, and she never could get used to some of those sharp, sudden words and looks.

She had been living a quiet retired life, when Hugh Dymond married her, and all the idea she had of the existence of a farmer's wife was roses clustering round a picturesque porch, strawberries and cream, a cool dairy with green light coming through the vine leaves at the casement, and nightingales singing on the edge of the woods at night! Poor Laura! it might have been a silly delusion, but it was a brief one. To use Mr. Dymond's own expression—"There wasn't any nonsense about him. Good pork and potatoes, and plenty of 'em; a thatched roof overhead, and furniture that was good enough for his mother before him—if a woman wanted more than these she must go somewhere else than to the Dymond farmhouse!'

Yes, it was all very solid and substantial, but Laura could no more thrive on it than a blackbird on a diet of beef tea!

"I could draw my own bit of money out of the savings bank," said she doubtfully, "and get a fresh, pretty carpet. We really do need it in the sitting room."

"Bother!" responded the unceremonious husband. "Keep your money for something that's going to be really useful. A clean board floor, and plenty of soap and sand; that was all the carpet my mother ever asked for."

"It is such hard work to scrub it twice a week, Hugh!" pleaded the poor little wife piteously.

"Oh, if you are afraid of work, that's all I have to say," said Mr. Dymond, shrugging his shoulders.

"Unnecessary work, Hugh."

He made no answer, but Laura knew from the set look about his lips that her innocent little appeal had been made in vain.

"The flowers would cost nothing," she went on. "Mrs. Jenkins would give me the slips, and Lizzie Clouney has some old pots which—"

"Pshaw!" broke out, Hugh. "If you want to garden, go out and weed the onions and cabbages; I'm sure they need it badly enough; but as for having the window-sill cluttered up with a lot of green trash, it's what I won't stand! So now you've got my opinion, and I hope you feel better."

And he rose to his feet and quitted the room, taking care to shut the door with a bang that set Laura's nerves all in a quiver.

She sat down and cried, the poor little solitary creature, when he was gone. She had thought so much of the carpet and the flowers; she had planned it all in her own mind, and now Hugh forbade it. Well, there was no help for it, she must go back to the beaten track. Perhaps Hugh was right, only—and then Laura cried again.

"I don't know what's the matter with her," said the puzzled husband. She don't complain; only she won't eat or laugh, and goes about with her head hanging down like a sick chicken. It's rather hard on a working man, who has married a wife to be a helpmate to him. At this rate I shall have to hire a girl!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the old Doctor, dryly, "it's the nervous system, Dymond."

"Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Hugh. "Nerves? don't believe in any such thing."

"You'll have occasion to believe before long," said Dr. Meynell.

"I haven't any nerves!"

"But other people may have, nevertheless."

Lolly never told me she had any such thing the matter with her," said Hugh, speaking with an injured air. "But if there's any particular kind of medicine would do her good, and it isn't too expensive——"

"She must have entire change of air; total change of scene," said Dr. Meynell. Dymond's countenance fell.

"And what am I to do, all by myself at home? Very selfish and inconsiderate of Lolly to ——"

The old physician's benign countenance darkened; his brows contracted of a sudden.

"Man, man," he said, "hold your rash tongue! You've no idea what you are talking about! Suppose she should be taken from you altogether?"

Hugh Dymond sat staring as if a thunder-bolt had struck him to earth.

"You don't mean—she—she's going to die, doctor? My little Lolly—it isn't so bad as all that."

"How can we tell? She has been worked down to a mere shadow of herself; you have treated her as you would a dumb beast; and it isn't the kind of life she has been used to, poor little blossom!"

"My God!" groaned the husband, dropping his face in his hands, "I never dreamed of this!"

Dr. Meynell's heart softened as he watched the strong shudder thrill through the repentant man's iron frame. He did love her then, after all; he was not so utterly heartless as he seemed. It was only thoughtlessness, not deliberate tyranny.

"Tell me what to do, doctor," groaned Hugh Dymond. "If it costs me all I have in the world, Lolly shall be saved!"

"Let her go back to her mother at the sea-shore for a few weeks," advised the physician. "Change, rest, pleasant society—these will do much for her. And when she comes back to you in the fall, let us hope it will be with renewed hope and courage."

And so Laura Dymond was sent away for change of air and scene. The tears gushed into her eyes when she had parted from her husband.

"I didn't know Hugh loved me so

much," she thought. "Oh! I wish I didn't have to go away from him!"

If she had but known how sorrowfully the big Hercules of a fellow went back to the empty cage whence the little singing bird had flown!

"Little Lolly," he thought to himself. "She was but a mite of a thing, yet her presence seemed to pervade the whole house. Well, well, she'll be back again before long, and then—then we'll have things different."

A week afterwards Hugh harnessed his brown nag and drove to the nearest town; and before night the "best room" floor was covered with a cheerful red carpet, strewn all over with little green leaflets and wood-brown sprays of moss.

"Lolly will like the pattern," thought Hugh, "because its like something real. How pleased she will be? And the hearth-rug is to match the carpet, and the new Nottingham curtains will freshen up the windows; and I'll have both cases filled with tea-roses and geraniums, for winter is coming on, and she can't get any more of those little posy-pots in the woods. I'm sorry now that I used to laugh at them so."

When the first December snow flakes eddied softly through the air, Hugh took his last triumphant look at the cheerful room, where the roses and violets made a June-like scent, and the fire crackled, and the new carpet glistened in its cheerful colours.

"Have tea all ready in your best style, Mary," he said, to the new "hired girl," "for I shall bring your mistress home in just an hour."

And Mary, a plump, thriving "daughter of the soil," promised that "all should be right."

"He must think a deal of her, to be sure," said Mary to herself. "I wonder if she really is so very pretty."

"The train isn't in yet, I suppose," said Hugh, glancing round as he tied old Dobbin to the railway.

The station-master shook his head.

"No; but here's a telegram for you, Mr. Dymond—came half an hour ago."

With trembling fingers Hugh Dymond broke open the seal. Perhaps Laura was not coming until the morrow—perhaps—

"Come to Seaglen at once," it read. "Your wife died this morning at four."

The strip of cruel, senseless paper fell from the bereaved husband's hand; he staggered back against the wainscoted wall, with a low cry, like that of one in mortal pain. Lolly dead!—Lolly gone from him forever!—the little loving, wistful, dew-eyed creature, whom he had spoken to so cruelly many and many a time! And he had resolved to be so different for the future—to cherish her so tenderly. Lolly dead! Surely, surely there must be some mistake; he could not believe it.

And then, like the rush of some damp sepulchral wind across his heart, came the awful conviction that it was but too true. The bright new carpet, with the leaves and the moss sprays, had come too late—the flowers would bloom in the casements all in vain!

It was too late now—too late! And so began and ended the sweetest idyl in all Hugh Dymond's life. The carpet is rolled up on the garret floor, the flowers are dead and gone, and the red leaves of a score of autumns have woven their jewelled crown over Laura's grave; but the sharp, envenomed sting of remorse has not gone out of Hugh's heart yet.

PROFESSOR JOWETT'S CONCESSIONS.

The publication of Professor Jowett's edition of Plato has recalled public attention to him as the greatest of our living Greek scholars. It is interesting to turn to his work on the earliest four Epistles of St. Paul, and see how closely this profound man has confirmed the views of our Unitarian thinkers. We make a few extracts from the edition of 1855.

In Rom. ix. 5 he adopts the Unitarian punctuation and translation: "Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came. God, who is over all is blessed for ever, Amen." He adds a long note, summing up all the arguments for both views of the text, in the course of which he says, "The introduction of such doxologies in the midst of a sentence is common in Jewish writers. See Schoeltgen on 2 Cor. xi. 31." (This observation we should remember as a help in interpreting Heb. I. 10, 12). And "the word *Eulogetos* (blessed) is referred in the New Testament (as the corresponding word in Hebrew) exclusively to God the Father, and not to Christ."

On Gal. iv. 4 he says, "*Born of a woman, i.e.*, with a human nature, according to a common Hebrew expression (see Job xiv. 1), not attributed to Christ, with the purpose of distinguishing him either from Adam or from mankind in general."

On Rom. iii. 25 the common version renders, "Whom God hates, set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins." But Professor Jowett renders it, "Whom God hates, set forth to be a propitiation through faith by his blood, to declare his righteousness, because of the remission of sins." And, he adds, "No such expression occurs in Scripture as 'faith in the blood,' or even 'in the death' of Christ. Hence the two clauses are better separated, 'through faith,' by his blood". There are three ways in which this 'declaration' may be conceived: (1) as the life and death of Christ are an example to all mankind; (2) as his death was the penalty for sin; (3) as he is the sum of the revelation." Similarly (p. 450) he contrasts the doctrine of St. Paul with Luther's misconception of it, and says, "St. Paul does not determine righteousness by faith as meaning a faith in the blood, or even in the death of Christ, nor does he suppose consciousness or assurance in the person justified."

On Rom. v. 10 he says, "'We are reconciled to God,' as 'God reconciling us to himself through Jesus Christ,' or 'God in Christ reconciling the world to himself,' are the modes of expression in Scripture used to express the work of redemption; God is unchangeable, it is we who are reconciled to Him, not He to us."

On Rom. xi. 25, "The word, mystery, in the New Testament, is applied to a secret which God has revealed, known to some and not to others, manifested in the latter days, but hidden previously . . . . The use of the word in Scripture affords no grounds for the popular application of the term 'mystery' to the truths of the Christian religion. It means not what is, but what was a secret."

He says (II., p. 425) "The Bible is at once the easiest and the hardest of books. The easiest, in that it gives us plain rules for moral and religious duties, which he that runs may read, and an example that every one can follow, a work that anybody may do. But it is the hardest also, in that it is fragmentary, written in a dead language, and referring to times and actions of which in general we have no other record, and, above all, using modes of thought, and often relating to spiritual states which among ourselves have long ceased to exist, or to the influence of institutions which have passed away."

Again (II., p. 451) "No one doubts that Christianity could be, in the fullest sense, taught to a child or a savage without any mention of justification, satisfaction, or predestination. Why should we not receive the Gospel as little children? Why adopt abstractions which are so subtle in their meaning as to be in the greatest danger in their translation from one language to another—which are always running into consequences inconsistent with our moral nature, and the knowledge of God derived from it—which are not the prevailing usage of Scripture, but technical terms which we have gathered from one or two passages and made the key notes of our scale? The words 'satisfaction' and 'predestination' nowhere occur in Scripture; the word 'regeneration' only twice, and but once in a sense at all similar to that which it bears among ourselves; the word 'justification' twice only, and nowhere as a 'purely abstract term.'"

II., pp. 475-6. "The Apostles were Jews; they were so before their conversion, they remained so afterwards in their thoughts and language; they could not lay aside their first nature, or divest themselves at once of Jewish modes of expression. Sacrifice and atonement were leading ideas of the Jewish dispensation; without shedding of blood there was no remission. In thinking of the death of Christ, and the fulfilment of which he spoke, it was natural for them to think of him as a 'sacrifice' and 'atonement' for sin . . . . . It is in the Epistle to the Hebrews that this reflection of the New Testament in the Old is most distinctly brought before us. There, the temple, the priest, the sacrifices, the altar, the persons of Jewish history are the figures of Christ and his Church. But in the Epistle of St. Paul it is the rarity rather than the frequency of such images which is striking. It is the opposition and not the identification of the law and

the Gospel which is the leading thought of his mind. But in the Epistle to the Hebrews they are fused into one, and from this source, and not from the Epistles of St. Paul, the language of which we are speaking, has passed into the theology of modern times.

On Gal. ii. 13, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us," he says, "This particular expression may be best considered as a particular instance of a class. In the scriptural doctrine of the atonement the believer is one with Christ, until at length Christ takes the believer's place, and all that the Christ is, and all that he was, or might have been, is transferred to Christ. . . . . The most extreme example of this is in the Gospels, where the miracles by which Christ healed the sick are considered as a transfer of our infirmities to himself. Matt. viii. 17." I., 260.

And, again, (I., 209) "When it is said that Christ gave himself for our sins, or as a sin offering, the shadow must not be put in place of the substance, nor the Jewish image substituted for the truth of the Gospel. On such language it may be remarked—(1) That it is figurative, natural, and intelligible to that age, not equally so to us. (2) That the figures themselves that describe the work of Christ are varied, thereby showing that they are figures only, and not realities or matters of fact. (3) That the same sacrificial language is applied almost equally to the believer and to his Lord. (4) That the effect and meaning of this language must have been very different while the sacrifices were being daily offered, and now that they have passed away. (5) That such expressions seldom occur in the writings of St. Paul, another class of figures, in which the believer is identified with the various stages of the life of Christ, being far more common. (6) That in general the thing meant by them is that Christ took upon him human flesh, that he was put to death by sinful men, and raised men out of the state of sin, in this sense taking their sins upon himself."

He points out (I., 310) that "the cross of Christ" was the especial symbol of the disciples of St. Paul, and not, like the name of Christ, common to Jewish as well as Gentile Christians. "Even in St. John there are not many allusions to the cross and to the death of Christ in comparison with the allusions to his birth and life. The Word becoming flesh is the great theme, not the doctrine 'of the cross,' which is spoken of as a sign rather of the exaltation of Christ than of his humiliation."

A HINT TO THE UNITARIAN LAITY.

Missionary work, so far as it is theological, is the effort to make people study the Bible rationally and critically; to teach them to form just views of God and of His dealings with men. But it is not enough that we form just theological opinions. There then follows the duty that we should profess these opinions, and try to spread them. And here begins the difficulty. If we arrive at Unitarian opinions, the profession of them is unpopular; the Unitarian gets frowned at and blamed in many quarters. But that should not make us shrink from doing our duty; indeed, it should be a cause of encouragement. The greater the effort required, the more pleasure should we feel in making the effort. Let us never trifle with sincerity, but use words in their ordinary simple sense, Never, like the clergy, use words in a non-natural sense. That is simply telling a falsehood. A Unitarian is one who professes to be a Christian, and rejects plurality of persons in the Godhead. If such are your opinions you are a Unitarian. Never profess yourself a Free Christian, or a Christian Theist, or a Broad Churchman. All such expressions are concealing the unpopular truth. Call a spade a spade. Call yourself a Unitarian. Be proud of the name. It means, beside the meaning given to it above—an honest man, who is not afraid to tell the truth, even if it should be to his own hurt. It means one who, in the warfare against popular error, has the courage to go to the front. Whoever is so favoured as to have been allowed by his education and powers of thought to arrive at Unitarian opinions, in a country where Trinitarianism is the religion of the majority, has got a grave responsibility laid upon him; it has become his duty to spread that important opinion among his less favoured neighbours. There are plenty of cowardly Unitarians among the orthodox churches. They teach weakness, irre-

solution, and sometimes insincerity. It is a pity that any members of our Unitarian churches should keep them in countenance by a false liberality. Let every one consider himself a missionary. By simply owning that you are a Unitarian you will lead people to think and to inquire for themselves; that simple piece of moral courage is among educated people far more wanted than arguments. Our ministers will supply the arguments in their lectures; but it is the laity who, as being more numerous, can make the greatest number of people to know what the Unitarian opinions are.

UNPUBLISHED HYMNS.

By Sir John Bowring.

Unheeded by the careless eye
The dial's shadow hastens on,
Even though the dark clouds canopy
The ever-shining sun.

So God's great purposes advance,
So truth her forward progress keeps,
When man's imperfect, heedless glance
Deems that she tires or sleeps.

Behind the mists with quenchless ray
The great light-giver moves serene,
And millions bless the orb of day
While to our view unseen.

He never fails in love and might,
He rises glorious as he rose
When first he bathed the world in light,
And blesses as he goes.

Let one generation pass,
And the wrecks it leaves, alas!
What are they—but crumbling stone,
Rotting shields of heraldry,
Blank and broken eulogy—
Names forgotten and unknown?

Painter's pencil, poet's song,
Sculptor's chisel, may prolong
Fleeting fame for fleeting days;
But man's works will soon decay,
He is frail and so are they—
They decay and he decays.

Deeds alone can win from fame
An undying, odorous name,
Deeds of piety and love;
These immortalised shall be
In man's living memory,
And immortal thron'd above.

(From the German of *Novales.*)

The meadows clothe themselves in green,
And blossoms fill the hedgerow trees;
New plants from day to day are seen,
Calm is the heaven and mild the breeze.
I saw the wondrous scene, and seeing,
Ask'd how such wonders sprung to being.

And dark and darker grew the wood,
Where many a singer made its home;
And music's everflowing flood
Came as the odorous zephyrs come:
I scarcely knew my feelings there,
And wondered whence such wonders were.

O'er all, life, beauty, fragrance, song,
Their ever-mingling influence shed;
Each blent with each, a friendly throng,
The lessons of sweet love to spread:
I knew not what I felt, nor knew
Whence such a scene of wonders grew.

I thought: some spirit is awake,
Some life-inspiring spirit, who
A worthy sacrifice will make
Of flowers and sounds and odours, too:
I knew not what I felt, nor knew
Whence such a scene of wonders grew.

And doth another world appear?
Will this mean dust produce a tree?
The tree a living matter bear,
And that become humanity?
I know not what I felt, nor knew
Whence such a scene of wonders grew.

And as I stood I dreamed—I thought
A mighty struggle filled my mind;
Then passed a maiden by, and brought
Charms which my every sense confin'd:
I knew not what I felt, nor knew
Whence all these wondrous marvels grew.

The darkness of the wood was gone,
'Twas sunshine, and I knew 'twas spring
I saw—I felt that love alone
To heaven from earth could mortals bring:
And well I read the mystery,
And how such wondrous things could be.

Would'st thou in thy lonely hour,
Praises to the Eternal pour?
I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

Sweeter songs than poets sing
Thou shalt in thine offering bring—
The unuttered hymn that dwells
In devotion's deepest cells.

Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign
In that calm of quiet thought
Which the passions trouble not.

And that living temple where
Peace and hope and silence are
Is the sacred citadel
Where the Father loves to dwell.

Would'st thou in thy lonely hour
Praises to th' Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul may learn to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

NEW BOOKS.

We heartily welcome the following, which we hope will have a wide circulation among our people, for both are worthy: "Hymns of Duty and Faith," selected and arranged by the Rev. W. C. Jones, 3s. 6d. And the "Unitarian Argument, Re-stated and Explained," by the Rev. C. F. Biss, 1s. Sent at the above prices, post free, by Mr. Brace, 178, Strand, London.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

(Father Hyacinthe.)

The same priesthood presides over *family worship*. Speaking of individual worship, Christ says to each of us "when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." It is perhaps the sweetest, most comforting of all prayer. But it is not enough; and so, from the beginning of Christianity, St. Paul exhorted believers to gather in assemblies, to sing spiritual songs and receive together the Lord's Supper. Midway between individual worship in the secret chamber and public worship in the grand basilica comes *family worship*.

When the close of day is come, each one comes home oppressed with more or less of a burden on the heart. The cares and duties of the day have left their dregs at the bottom of the cup—sweet sometimes, often bitter, but always hard to carry with us; and we yearn to pour them out in prayer, as a libation before God. The moon is lighted up like a sacramental lamp; the firmament of day gives place to the firmament of night, more divine by as much as it is more profound, more transparent; and as behind the bright shining of the stars we may the better behold him to whom the darkness and the light are both alike. Then, before they retire to the peace and rest of night, the head of the family bares his reverend head. He kneels; and O, how grand and royal he is upon his knees! Beside him is the mother, and about them the children, like the young shoots of the fruitful olive of which the Psalmist sings. Then, in the second circle, the domestics; neither slaves nor mere hirelings, but the complement of the Christian family. "Our Father which art in heaven," so speaks, in the name of them all, the father who is on earth. The connection, I had almost said the kindred, between these two fatherhoods is manifested in its mystic dignity and gentleness. The kingdom of God is actualised in this family; and his will is done here upon earth as it is done in Heaven! Give ear to them, O Lord! Father, that seest in secret, grant them each day the bread of the body that springeth from the earth, the bread of the soul that cometh down from Heaven; forgive the offences they have done, as they forgive those they have received—husband to wife and wife to husband, parents to children, and sometimes, too, children to parents—each to each, all to all. And the voices of the innocent ones respond Amen! And in the depth of the world unseen another chorus replies Amen!

And there is another prayer yet which I may not altogether omit to mention—the prayer which goes directly from the soul to God, without passing by the lips; and which, while it sometimes unites under its holy spell the whole household, is oftener the privilege of the Christian husband and wife. When these have made common stock of hearts and consciences and understandings—and without such community I cannot conceive of marriage—when thus in perfect mutual accord and sympathy they read together the masterpieces of human genius—Plato, Dante, Shakespeare—or, far above these, the masterpieces of Divine inspiration—Moses and the Evangelists; when they gaze together on the scenes of nature, by turns beautiful and sublime; when they experience together those vicissitudes of family life which group themselves about the three centres—birth, love, death; like the ancient statue in the desert that answered back with a harmonious murmur to the sun's earliest beams, so the soul of these wedded ones responds to the beams of nature, art, home, revealed faith, celestial love—beams all divine, since emanating all from God! The souls of the twain are fused and mingled in one prayer; and of this voiceless prayer—love that is prayer, and prayer that is love—the husband, the head of the wife, is the ministering priest. Ah! he knows not what it is to love who has not known these hidden things of God in love, of love in God.

So, then, the father of a family is a priest, as a teacher of his household; as guide of conscience and of will; as praying in the midst of them with his lips, and with his heart and soul in their soul and their heart.

And this is the warrant of the family priesthood: Our Lord is "the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob," the God of Sarah, of Rebekah, and of Rachel, "This is his name for ever!"

UNITARIAN CHAPEL MIDDLESBRO'

UNITARIAN CHAPEL, MIDDLESBRO'.

In March, 1833, the Committee of the Unitarian Congregation at Stockton-on-Tees held a meeting to take into consideration a proposition made by William Fallows, Esq., J.P., a member of their congregation, who had then recently removed to the newly-opened seaport town of Middlesbro', four miles from Stockton. The proposition made by Mr. Fallows was, "That the Stockton congregation, with his assistance, should make an effort to establish a Unitarian Church in Middlesbro." At that time there was no place of worship of any kind in the town, and the committee, approving of the proposition, took steps at once to carry it into effect. They were unable to obtain a suitable room as tenants, and therefore "determined to build one." Eventually three cottages were built, having a large room over them, which was opened for Unitarian worship on the 30th of June, 1833, by the Rev. Wm. Turner, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. An appeal for additional subscriptions to clear off the debt, states "that, since the opening of this place of worship in June last, two services have been regularly supplied on Sundays—one by the minister of Stockton (Rev. W. Duffield), and the other by different members of the congregation; and the committee have great pleasure in stating, that the attendances, though small, are decidedly improving, and that a very thriving Sunday School has also been established in this place. Subsequently a Wesleyan chapel was erected, a church was built, and the Independents also built a chapel. The Unitarian congregation then gradually declined, and it was deemed best, at that time, to discontinue the effort. The room was then let to the Baptists, and the cause of Unitarianism slept for more than twenty years.

In April, 1863, the Rev. W. W. Robinson, now of Walsall, then the minister at Stockton, determined that another attempt should be made to revive the cause in Middlesbro'. His own chapel being closed for painting, he advertised that a Unitarian service would be held in the Odd Fellow's Hall, Middlesbro', the largest room in the town. His choir and a large part of his congregation accompanied him, and a good attendance was secured.

The result of this service is the present earnest congregation. It was found that besides the family of Mr. Fallows there were six other members of the same household of faith, all of whom were most anxious that regular Unitarian services should be established in the now populous and rising town. Week night cottage services were at once commenced, which were frequently conducted by Rev. W. W. Robinson. They were continued till August of the same year, when the little band were able again to take possession of their upper room and re-open it for Unitarian worship. The mortgage on the property was immediately paid off and regular services conducted by laymen, assisted occasionally by the minister at Stockton.

In 1864 they were connected with the Northumberland and Durham District Unitarian Association.

In February, 1865, the late Rev. Daniel Berry was engaged by this Association as one of their missionaries, and stationed at Middlesbro'. He laboured there with much acceptance one year and nine months, when he resigned his connection with the Northumberland and Durham District Unitarian Association, and his services to Middlesbro' were lost. The congregation then invited the Rev. J. Bevan to become their minister, who rendered valuable service while he remained with them.

He was succeeded by the Revs. Wm. Brunton and S. Robinson.

Under many discouraging circumstances the congregation has continued to make steady progress, and the need of a suitable place of worship has long been felt. This need will soon be supplied.

The annexed engraving is a picture of the chapel about to be built on a very excellent site. The drawings and specifications have been generously given by Eugene E. Clephan, Esq., of Stockton. The chapel is calculated to seat 200; the school is situated behind, but separated from the chapel only by a screen, which when removed 100 more can be accommodated.

It is so arranged that when necessary transepts can be easily added. Owing to the great increase in the price of material and labour, the cost will be £1800, exclusive of the land, nearly £300 more than was originally intended. Towards this amount the congregation undertake to raise in their own neighbourhood £600. They

have had most liberal help from friends here outside of their own Church. The town of Middlesbro' now contains upwards of 50,000 inhabitants, and the congregation are confident that when their new church is built they will soon be able to establish an independent church. Through increased aid from the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Association they have been enabled to secure the services of the Rev. Henry Hill, of Stannington, who will enter upon his duties next month, when it is expected that the foundation stone of the church will be laid.

HUTCHESON THE PHILOSOPHER.

Dr. Francis Hutcheson was born in 1694 in the north of Ireland, where his father was a Presbyterian minister of some reputation. He showed at an early age the great thirst for knowledge, and still more the singularly affectionate and unselfish temper which distinguished him through his whole life. He was educated by his grandfather, whose favourite he soon became. But so fond was Francis of his brother, who was being educated with him, that he was quite distressed by the preference which his grandfather showed, and tried all means in his power to make his brother equally a favourite with the old man. Indeed, he subsequently refused to accept a legacy which his grandfather had given to him, and insisted upon giving a more equal share to his brother. He afterwards went to the University of Glasgow, where he spent several years in theological study. He then returned to Ireland, where his writings attracted the notice and obtained him the friendship of the Lord-Lieutenant of that country, as well as of Bishop Lynge and Archbishop King. In those days education was not free, and every schoolmaster was required to obtain a licence from the bishop, and sign certain declarations. As a consistent Dissenter, Dr. Hutcheson would not do this, and two attempts were made to prosecute him for daring to teach without doing so. Both attempts, however, were put down by Archbishop King, who assured him of his protection. In 1729 he was called to be professor of philosophy at Glasgow, and his fame drew many students there. Here he spent the remainder of his life. To the influence of his lectures is mainly due the remarkable intellectual revival of Scotland from the bigotry and barbarism of the seventeenth century to the singularly high position which she acquired in George the Second's reign. He died in 1747, in his fifty-third year, the father of modern Scottish philosophy, leaving behind him the reputation of having been a man filled with marvellous enthusiasm for learning, liberty, religion, virtue, and human happiness. "For," says his biographer, "by some of these nobler principles he was visibly moved in whatever he said or did."

What were the religious opinions of this good, and great man? The grand maxim he dwelt upon was, to rejoice above all things in the firm belief in an infinitely good God who loves all his works and *cannot* hate anything which he has made. Every Sunday evening he gave a lecture on Christianity, taking his view of its doctrines "from the original records of the New Testament, and not from the party tenets on scholastic systems of modern ages." This was the most crowded of all his lectures. We find that he was very earnest in dissuading theological students from discussing high and disputed questions in the pulpit instead of teaching the duties of life. It is not surprising to find that he suffered from the prejudices of bigots; nor that his views of man's nature and God's dealings with man were in accordance with the teachings of our liberal theology.

From his most celebrated book we take a few quotations which will illustrate his his opinins.

"The *justice* of the Deity is only a conception of his universal, impartial benevolence, as it shall influence him if he gives any laws, to attemper them to the universal good, and enforce them with the most effectual sanctions."

Again, "When upon any weak superstitious suggestions our benevolence becomes so faint as to let us entertain odious conceptions of men, or any part of them, without just ground, as if they were *wholly evil*, or as if they were a worse sort of beings than they really are, these conceptions must lead us into malevolent affections, or at least weaken our good ones, and make us really vicious."

Again, "When men's heads are filled with some trifling opinions; when designing men raise in their minds some unac-

countable notion of sanctity and religion in tenets and practices which neither increase our love to God nor to our own species; when the several factions are taught to look upon each other as odious, contemptible, profane, because of their different opinions, even when these opinions (whether true or false) are perhaps perfectly useless to the public good; when the keenest passions are raised about such trifles, 'tis then no wonder if our moral sense be much impaired, and our natural notions of good and evil almost lost."

"If any opinions deserve to be contended for, they are those which give us lovely ideas of the Deity and of our fellow-creatures. If any opinions deserve opposition, they are such as raise scruples in our minds about the goodness of Providence, or represent our fellow-creatures as base and selfish."

A STATESMAN'S THEOLOGY.

We take the following extracts from the Duke of Somerset's recent work on "Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism." We do not endorse all the contents of that volume; but it is gratifying to find in it again another case, that when eminent laymen give to the world the results of their theological studies, they invariably express views which in the main points are those taught in our own Church, and which no other Church does teach.

"For many years past religious questions have incessantly interfered with the social and educational improvement of the community. Instead of gradually diminishing in their effects, these causes of disturbance seem to be increasing. . . . . Meanwhile the progress of religious education is impeded, and the wisdom of Parliament is perplexed.

"The form and force of expressions, even the genders of nouns, have qualified the beliefs of mankind. The word *Spirit*, for instance, in its passage from Jerusalem to Rome, changed its gender more than once. Feminine in Hebrew, it became neuter in Greek, and, again, masculine in Latin. It may be reasonably doubted whether if the Latin term had been female, the three persons of the Trinity would have occupied their present positions in the religious thought of Christendom. The word *Person* has also acquired a more definite entity and inflexible meaning than its Greek equivalent, and though this may not have modified our creeds, it has certainly influenced popular notions of the Divine nature.

"The English translators of the Bible wisely admonish us, 'to determine of such things as the Spirit of God hath left unquestionable can be no less than presumption.' To this serious charge the Fathers of the Church are justly liable. Ancient usage and inattentive repetition have blunted our feelings, otherwise we should be unable to endure the ecclesiastical terms which describe the mysteries of the Godhead. If any theologians in the present century had constructed creeds subdividing the Deity into persons, and then deciding upon their relationship, equality, and consubstantiality, the presumption and impropriety of such vain conceits would have offended the whole Protestant world. Yet these early Fathers were no better qualified than the clergy of the present day to discuss such mysteries.

"The Pauline Epistles introduce passages of Scripture so heedlessly intermixed, that the learned Lightfoot could only explain the Apostle's citations by saying: 'It is no rare thing, but the common usage of the Holy Ghost, to vary from the original in the recital of passages well enough known before.'

"Christianity, though corrupted by human error and distorted by human passions, has, nevertheless, afforded the only solid security for the permanence of European civilisation. Had the Christian religion never been bestowed upon mankind, the character of this nation, the laws, the institutions, the whole mind of the people, would have been more changed than the wildest fancy can conceive. . . . Its doctrines could not have lived through so many centuries, and spread through such various forms of civilisation, if they had not undying roots in the heart of man . . . . Civilised society is earnestly desirous of moral, of intellectual, and of religious advancement. Since religion may be judged by its fruits, that form of Christianity which developes the highest qualities of human nature, and furthers the continued improvement of society, may be safely accepted as the nearest approach to religious truth."

A SCENE FROM MEMORY.

One of the truest, kindest souls it has been my privilege to know was Helen Moreton. She resided in the tranquil contentment of humble life with her father, who was her only surviving relative. Her mother died when she was very young, and a brother and sister had both, in the interesting period of early childhood, finished their brief term of existence and quitted this world for a better. And thus, out of the entire family circle, only father and daughter remained. For several years they had lived beneath the same roof, happy in each other's love, their lot unmarked by any unusual incidents or striking vicissitudes of fortune.

"Far from the meddling world's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

The severest sorrow Helen had ever known was occasioned by the desertion of one to whom she had given her young heart with all the confidence of trustful love. Though he had left the town and she had not heard from him since his departure, yet, with that deep trust which is natural to woman, she still had faith in him. She could not realise to her mind the idea that he had abandoned her for ever. Her heart still clung with all the tenacity of true affection to the object of her early love. She hoped that he would return, and that they would be happy yet. The cold-hearted world may call this weakness, but surely there is something beautiful in such constancy and trust; something divine in a hope that refuses to despair, and in a love that *will not* die.

But to return to the time and incident immediately before us. For some months past Helen's father had been ailing, and lately he had grown much worse. At first he was confined to the house, afterwards to his room, and now he lies on the bed of sickness. Helen has waited on him with all the assiduous attention and all the "gentle offices of love" which woman knows so well how to render at such times, and which make her in very truth a "ministering angel when pain and anguish wring the brow."

The reader must accompany me to a neat little cottage surrounded by a garden, and situated on a gentle declivity at the foot of a hill commanding a delightful prospect in the West of England. It is one of the first days of spring; one of those mild vernal days which we mark so gladly and love to welcome soon after the new year has opened on the world with its burden of mingled joy and sorrow for all. The last traces of the winter's snow were just visible on the distant hills. The trees were beginning to bud and unfold their delicate tiny leaves to the genial breeze and the warm inviting rays of the sun. The birds were waking up from the long silence of winter, calling cheerfully to each other and singing gaily from the trees and hedgerows. The meadows have that freshness of look, that soft appearance, which they always present at this delightful season of the year. And here or there a violet or daisy is timidly peeping forth, giving promise of a countless multitude to follow in the bright warm days of summer.

In an upper room, neatly but humbly furnished, a sick old man is lying in bed. It is apparent at a glance that he will never rise from it again. His hours on this earth are numbered; he stands on the threshold of the invisible world, and its portals are even now opening before him. There he lies, almost as feeble and helpless as the new-born babe. His eyes, which glow with an unnatural lustre, are sunk deeply in his head; his sharp features are wasted with disease, and his nervous arm and hand are extended over the coverlid. A minister of religion is seated by the bedside, reading in earnest tones the glad tidings of great joy—"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth in him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

There is a strange power in these words of the Great Teacher. They have a wondrous, almost magical, influence over the doubting, troubled soul. They assuage its griefs, allay its fears, and inspire it with a hope that triumphs over death. And such effect they evidently have on this sick man, as he listens eagerly to every word. His gentle daughter is seated on the other side of the bed, clasping in her arm the sufferer's outstretched hand. She is looking pale and thin, and it is evident that grief and anxiety have been preying on her mind. A tear glistens in her eye, and ever and anon a sigh bursts from her surcharged

bosom. But still she is calm, patient, and resigned. That peace of mind "which the world cannot give nor take away" fills her heart as the precious words of hope and promise fall on her listening ear. After engaging in prayer and promising to call again, the minister takes his departure, and now parent and child are left alone.

"How do you feel now, father?" inquired Helen, tenderly.

"I have no pain," he answered, feebly, but I know I shall never be better. I feel that my time here is short indeed. Oh, it is hard," he continued, after a pause, "when all nature is bursting into life and beauty around me, to quit this scene for ever!"

"But, my father," replied Helen, "you are entering on a new life, even as nature is—you are passing away from a world where summer's warm breath is ever followed by winter's chilling blast, to another where it is ever spring."

"I could be content to leave you," he said, "were it not that you are friendless and alone in the world."

"Fear not on my account," she answered; "He who is a father to the fatherless will care for me."

"Oh, my child, my own good Helen, God will surely bless you. He will not leave you to tread the world's rugged, slippery paths alone. I would I had your meek and gentle spirit, but I have it not. Yet I am at peace with all the world, except," he added, after a pause, "*with one.*"

"Name him not!" she exclaimed, anxiously; we do not know how strong was the temptation that was too much for his fidelity."

"I cannot forgive him," he answered, "Herbert has cruelly wronged you; he should have taken my place; then, instead of being thrown friendless on the mercy of the world, you would have found safety and happiness in a husband's love."

"He may return yet," she said, "something tells me that he will."

"Never, child; it is a vain hope. He has left you; perhaps even now he is married to another."

"Still, forgive him, father," entreated the pious girl.

"I cannot find it in my heart to do so," he replied.

"Then your heart is not right with God," she answered; remember the prayer—'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"I could forgive him anything but for deserting you."

"Forgive him that too, my father. If our brother offend against us, we must pardon him not only seven times but seventy times seven. There is no injury that we must not be willing to forgive."

"Do you forgive him?" he asked.

"From my heart I do."

"Oh, my child, I have more need of that spirit at this moment than you," said the dying man.

"Let us pray God for it, my father," she said.

"Yes, yes," he murmured, "do pray."

The daughter knelt down and prayed as those only can pray whose soul is in their prayer. Every word had the witness of the spirit, and it would seem that an immediate answer was vouchsafed; for his heart was touched, every trace of vindictive feeling vanished from the old man's breast, and charity filled his heart—that divine charity which believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things.

But now the sands of life were almost run out, the dark valley of the shadow of death was all but passed, the last struggle with the foe that conquers all was drawing to a close. The dews of death were gathering thickly on the old man's brow. His fleeting breath grew rapidly shorter, but an expression of peace and hope beamed with unutterable beauty from his countenance.

"I am at peace with all men," he said.

"With *all?*" she inquired.

"With *all*, Helen!" Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Lift me up a little, let me take one last look at the green fields, at the blue sky, and the cloud-topped hills!"

Helen drew back the curtains, then raised him to a sitting posture. He fixed his rapidly-glazing eye on the old familiar scene, now for the last time presented to his view. "My sight fails me," he said, sinking back in her arms. "Helen, I am going; farewell, my child, God bless you, and keep you!"

His arms fell lifeless by his side, a slight shudder passed through his frame; then his spirit passed away to the many-mansioned house of the Father, and Helen found herself in the presence of the dead.

The next minute the orphan was kneeling in fervent prayer by the lifeless body of her father.

Thou dost well to pray, O, child of misfortune. Thus alone can strength be found in this season of calamity. Be patient still, pray and trust on, and may strength and blessing be granted thee equal to thy need! C. F. Biss.

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT.

It was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the streets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here numbers of well-dressed people and a long train of charity children were thronging in at the wide doors of a handsome church.

There a smaller number, but equally gay, were entering an elegant meeting-house.

Up one alley a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into their retired chapel, every one crossing himself with a finger dipped in holy-water as he went in; while the opposite side of the street was covered with a train of Quakers, with plain, neat, sedate aspect, who walked without any ceremony into a room as plain as themselves, and took their seats, the men on one side, the women on the other. A spacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodists, many of them poorly habited, but decent and serious in demeanour; while a small society of Baptists in the neighbourhood quietly occupied their humble place of assembly.

Presently the different services began. The church resounded with the solemn organ, and with the indistinct murmurs of a large body of people following the minister in responsive prayers. From the meeting-house were heard the slow psalm and the single voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by strains of music, the tinkling of a small bell, and a perpetual change of service and ceremonial. A profound silence and unvarying look and posture announced the self-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

"But why," said one little wondering observer outside to his father, "why cannot all people agree to go to the same place, and worship God in the same way?"

"And why should they agree?" replied his father. "Do not you see that people differ in a hundred other things? Do they all dress alike—eat, drink alike—keep the same hours, or use the same diversions?"

"And they have a right, too, to worship God as they please. God has directed the mind and spirit with which he is to be worshipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to choose, as suits his temper and his opinions. Religion is one of the things in which *mankind were made to differ.*"

The several congregations now began to be dismissed, and the street was again overspread with the different sects going to their respective homes.

It chanced that a poor man fell down in the street, in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children stood crying and lamenting in the bitterest distress. The passers immediately flocked around, and, with the warmest compassion, gave their help.

A Churchman raised the man from the ground, lifting him under the arms; a Dissenter held his head, and wiped his face with his handkerchief; a Roman Catholic held her smelling-bottle to his nose; a Methodist ran for a doctor; a Quaker comforted the woman; and a Baptist took care of the children.

"See, my son," said the father, "here is something in which *mankind were made to agree.*"—*Abridged from Dr. Aikin.*

THE HOME LIFE OF JESUS.

Everything which the sacred records teach us concerning it before the beginning of his public life, is confined to a few circumstances, of which the first is of special interest—the conversation with the doctors of the law in the synagogue of the temple, at the age of twelve years. When Joseph and Mary, after three days of anxiety, find him still at Jerusalem, his mother says to him, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." Jesus, in justification of himself, replies, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" It is evident that there is in the soul of Jesus already a dim awakening of the consciousness of his Messiahship, and we may suppose that, taken for the first time to Jerusalem, into

the temple, to the hearth-stone of the national religion, this divine feeling gushed forth from the depths of his heart with new strength, kept him in the capital, and helped to give to his questions and answers that expression of wisdom and intelligence which astonished all who heard him. The language which Mary addresses to him is more remarkable only in this respect, that it is unquestionably the language of maternal authority. It is impossible to be deceived—a shade of self-assertion is mingled with the tone of anxiety. Mary shows herself here as a mother accustomed to judge and direct the actions of her son; training naturally makes a part of domestic life.

It is important to notice that Joseph is still the head of the family, that Mary is not disconnected from him in her maternal relations to her son, and speaks of him as it was customary to speak of him in their domestic circle. "Thy father and I," she says, "have sought thee." So St. Luke finishes the account by adding, "he was subject unto them." This word is sufficient to justify the preceding observations; submission supposes direction. Let us not forget that we are considering, not the child Jesus, but Jesus already a youth; and perhaps the most important characteristic of his private life is this submission to his parents, the first example of virtue which Jesus has given us.

The age of manhood arrives, and the expression which St. Mark puts into the mouth of the inhabitants of Nazareth, astonished at his teaching and his miracles, "Is not this the carpenter?" warrants us in believing that he lived as an artisan among the artisans of his town, exercising the same calling as Joseph. It is well known that teachers among the Jews did not think their dignity compromised by learning a manual trade, as St. Paul did.

In confirmation of what has been said, it may be remarked that Jesus did not leave his home to attend the celebrated schools of the time. The title of Rabbi, or Master, which his disciples, and even the tax-gatherers, make use of in addressing him, was given to every one who was heard speaking often in the synagogues, and the Jews, astonished at his knowledge, said, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?"—*Athanase Coquerel.*

UNPUBLISHED HYMNS.

By Sir John Bowring.

Ruth and Naomi.

I will go where'er thou goest,
Where thou stayest I will stay;
Little of my heart thou knowest,
If thou fling that heart away.
Where thou dwell'st I'll take my station,
I will smile or weep with thee;
Thine and mine shall be one nation,
And thy God my God shall be!

We will journey on together;
Happy with thee to endure
Stormy skies and wintry weather,
Happy poor, if thou be poor.
I will die where'er thou diest,
With thy grave my grave shall be;
When entomb'd in peace thou liest,
I will sleep in peace with thee.

Wait.

Whatever thou sowest
Thou also shalt reap,
Wherever thou goest
Death's long-during sleep
Shall o'ertake the traveller;
Behind thee he hies:
Death! awful unraveller
Of life's mysteries.

Wait, wait in all patience
The ready to save,
All Time's fluctuations
Will end in the grave.
The lordly, the lowly,
The faded and fair—
The vile and the holy
Must gather them there.

But they who have made them
A pillow of trust,
When time shall have laid them
In darkness and dust,
Shall wake from their slumbers
Refreshed by their rest,
And add to the numbers
Eternally blest.

God is Love.

I cannot always trace the way,
Where Thou, Almighty One, dost move,
But I can always, always say,
That God is love.

When Fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to Heaven above,
As to a sanctuary springs,
For God is love.

When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

The entanglements which restless thought,
Mistrust and idle warnings wove,
Are thus unravelled and unwrought,
For God is love.

Yes, God is love. A thought like this
Can every anxious thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A METHODIST TESTIMONY.—The Rev. Dr. Thomson, a distinguished Methodist minister in Ohio, visited Boston, and writing an account of his visit to the Methodist *Advocate and Journal*, says: "The Unitarians are the most wealthy church in Boston, and it is but just to say that they are the most active and liberal in all public enterprises. No scheme of education, or charity, or improvement lacks their hearty sympathy and support. Indeed they are the chief hope of the poor around them." We have read of a good Baptist deacon in South Boston who once defended his minister for holding a very long service at the same time that a charity lecture was being delivered in the neighbourhood, by saying "We are engaged in converting souls. The Unitarians and Universalists will look after the poor."

A STARTLING LESSON FOR SPECULATORS.—"I have buried four generations of men from Wall-street in twenty-five years. Wall-street is a dung-hill of mushrooms. There is a vast growth of men in every single year, and every year they are trampled down in hosts. I know but one or two men in that period who have been able to make permanent gains and hold their gains. And they didn't do it by speculation; they added other means of accumulation, which were the foundation of their stability, and I believe that all the men there are trying to be rich in uncanny ways, and trying to be rich without paying for what they get—they are rushing on to destruction. I have for years been urging the young men in my church not to envy the riches of men that came not by honest means. I have again and again prophesied that the time should come that would see them overwhelmed or ruined. I thought it could not come too soon."—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE CHURCH OF THE LORD ARE WE.—The Romanist and the Anglican High Churchman roar the words right out, so that you cannot mistake them. The other sectaries appear to be trying to make up their mouths to say something quite different; but when you listen intently you perceive that the real burden of their cry is the same as that of the others. Each one is ready to trumpet the peculiar excellencies of his apparatus. "Ours," says the Romanist, "is so old and big!" "And ours," says the Anglican, "is made after such a stylish model!" "And ours," says the Presbyterian, "is so strong!" "And ours," says the Methodist, "is so lively, and gets so hot when it runs, and makes such a heavenly clatter!" "And ours," says the Congregationalist, "is so simple!" "And ours," says the Dutchman, "goes so steady!" "And ours," says the Baptist, "goes by water!" "And ours," says the Unitarian, "goes two ways at once!" "And ours," says the Universalist, "is a perpetual motion!"—*New York Independent.*

LAST WORDS OF A MURDERER.—A murderer recently hanged, who had been visited and condoled by the rose-water gentry, said that "if he had received as much attention before being put into prison as he had since, he should never have come to the gallows." An ounce of prevention is indeed worth a pound of cure.

A COMPROMISE.—An Evangelical minister dropped in upon a Unitarian family in South Wales to inquire in a friendly way after the state of their souls, and to suggest that they should attend service on Christmas Day. The lady remarked that she really did not enjoy sitting and hearing herself damned to perdition. The clergyman, wishing to "be all things to all men," answered that if the family would attend he would omit the Athanasian creed.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.—Professor Huxley, in distributing the prizes at the Charing Cross Medical College, qualified his approval of the prize system in these words:—"The successful men in this world were not those who went off at a hard gallop; but, if he might use racing phraseology, those who would 'stay.' It often happened that those whose early career was slower and quieter than that of others exhibited a greater amount of wind and tougher staying power, and came in at the winning-post at last." He urged upon his audience the importance of plodding industry, which was often of more service than brilliancy or talent, and of using their Pegasus as a plough horse, instead of permitting it to soar aloft.

AN ADVANCED THINKER.—There is a story of a Jewish mother, who brought her son—who was then approaching manhood, or at least had begun to think himself a man, to Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish rabbi, and she begged him to take her boy and to make him a philosopher. Mendelssohn inquired about the young man's education and progress in learning. The mother said, that he had begun to eat pork, and had left off saying his prayers. On which Mendelssohn replied, "Then he has already got beyond me; I can teach him nothing." So it is to be feared that we have among us many would-be philosophers, that have got far beyond Locke and Newton, who after their long study, one of the laws of mind and the other of the laws of matter, both continued to believe in a future state of reward and punishment, and both thought that the world was watched over by a God to whom it was our duty and our privilege to offer prayer.

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